

THE DAILY STAR

WOODED BACK.

"You think George has ceased to love you, Nellie?"

"I don't exactly mean that, Aunt Mary. But certainly George has changed. There was a time when he never left home in the evening; now he never stays at home an hour after."

"It is a grave charge for so young a wife to make."

"I wish it was only the foolish charge you seem to imagine, Aunt Mary."

"I do not think it is altogether fancy, Nellie. But I want to get at the whole truth of the matter, and see if we can not find out the cause of this change. Surely, George is not unkind to you."

"He is always finding fault, Aunt Mary."

"With what, Nellie?"

"Oh, all sorts of things—the house, the baby, my dress."

"With no cause for complaint?"

"The little wife blushed deeply, and made no answer."

"Mrs. Carr, her soft eyes bent lovingly upon her niece, said very gently:

"Where does George go in the evenings, Nellie?"

"He is at his sister Kate's a great deal, and—Kate says he is very fond of hearing Mrs. Gordon sing."

"Mrs. Gordon, do I know her?"

"She was Retta Wilbur, and is now a widow. Her brother is Kate's husband."

"Yes, yes. But, Nellie, you play and sing far better than Retta Wilbur."

"Not now, Aunt Mary; I never practice now."

"But George is very fond of music. I am sure you can not neglect yours, if you try to make home the most attractive place in the world for your husband."

"I don't think the piano has been opened for a year, Aunt Mary."

"Nellie?"

"So few married ladies keep up their music."

"But many are obliged to give up accomplishments to attend to the details of household duty. This is not your excuse, Nellie. Your husband's means allow you a good, competent girl, and Maggie is a jewel of a nurse. Do you really find your whole time taken up?"

"No, I could practice, but—but—well, I scarcely know how I got out of the habit."

"How long have you been married, Nellie?"

"Three years."

"And you think in that short time you have lost your husband's affections, at least, in a measure. I do not think so, but I will tell you where the trouble lies. George, as you well know, was brought up and educated in a home where refined and elegant ladies presided over every detail. I think dear, when he met you, he saw the same refinements, the same taste and gentle manners, that make his sisters so much beloved in society, and such charming inmates of the home circle."

"Thanks to you, who filled a mother's place to me."

"I was very glad when George told me of his love for you, darling. I believed him to be an honorable true man, one whose wealth was the least attractive to my Nellie."

"You were right, he was, he is, all you thought him."

"He married you, believing he would carry to his future home one who would make it not only a place to eat and sleep in, but a home of taste and refined pleasure. He made the mere house a gem, as I know; he brought into it a lady, and then there was no circle of society a more charming drawing-room than Mrs. George Huntley's, nor a more devoted husband than the one whose name that lady bore. And you tell me all is changed. Nellie, is the fault all on your husband's side? Have you made his home what he hoped it would be?"

"No," said Nellie, in a low tone.

"When you come to see me again, dear, tell me you have won your husband back again. Retta Wilbur was the rival of your girlhood, but she must not mar your married happiness. Let your husband see that the charms that won him can still hold his heart fast."

Very slowly Nellie Huntley wended her way homeward through the dusty streets.

As Nellie reviewed the past year by the light of her newly-roused conscience, she marveled at the many instances of patient forbearance she recalled, and owned in her heart that the fault-finding of which she had complained was very gentle and very often omitted where grave cause existed for it.

It was hard to define exactly the day and the hour when the household arrangements began to fall entirely into the hands of a servant, whose perfect neatness and competency were, it must be admitted, a strong temptation to a young mistress.

It was difficult to say when Nellie first found it too much trouble to dress for dinner, unless company was expected, when the drawing-room was closed except for weekly cleaning, when the fire-tuned piano was first doomed to silence and solitude.

As the young wife entered her own room after her long walk, covered with the heat of the day and her own train of thought, the little clock upon the mantel warned her that she had only two hours' time before her husband would be at home to dinner.

It required an exercise of all her newly-roused resolutions to refrain from throwing herself upon the bed to rest; and surely her long walk was a good and sufficient excuse for this indulgence.

The large, airy room, cool and dusky, was very inviting, but Nellie thrust aside the temptation.

Hastily divesting herself of her walking dress she put on a loose wrapper and hurried to the drawing room.

Half-an-hour there altered materially the aspect of affairs, for Nellie wanted neither neatness nor taste when she chose to exert them.

A visit to the nursery and two-year-old Georgia; and then, returning to her room, she recalled her husband's favorite colors, and exerting her own taste.

A crisp, cool white muslin, ruffled and trimmed as fashion dictated, with knots of blue ribbon at throat and belt, and confining the luxuriant waving brown hair, had transformed the pretty face and figure, and brightened Nellie into a most attractive hostess.

Only ten minutes left for the dining-room.

Jane was sure to have a well-cooked dinner and a neatly arranged table, but a few touches here and there removed all the stiff primness of Jane's work, while a tall vase of June roses made the dining-room fragrant and pleasant.

When George Huntley opened his hall door with his usual weary sigh, his foot had scarcely passed the threshold when a pleasant sense of rest and relief crept over him.

The long-closed doors of the drawing-room stood wide open.

The half-closed blinds of the open windows admitted the cool evening breezes, softly stirring the lace curtains; vases and saucers of fresh, fragrant flowers stood here and there, and upon the open piano were scattered loose sheets of music.

In this pleasant room a chubby boy in white was running to meet papa, while a smiling wife spoke a few gentle words of welcome.

No fretful woman with untidy dress and rough hair; no boy banished to the nursery to-night.

George was a philosopher.

He made no comment; but Nellie felt the added tenderness of his kiss, noted the admiring looks in his eyes and felt that her work was appreciated.

Dinner passed off pleasantly.

Encouraged by her success so far, Nellie chatted gayly, and George found himself lingering over the desert of fresh fruits till long after his usual time for leaving the table.

"You are not going out?" Nellie said, as she saw George advancing ominously toward the hat-rack.

"I was going to Kate's. Will you not come along?"

"I would rather have you here."

"Then I will stay. You have the first claim."

"Thanks. I was thinking how long it was since we had a game of backgammon."

"I hoped you were going to play for me, with a glance at the piano."

"I will. To-night you must remember that I am out of practice, but afterward I will not claim that indulgence. Tomorrow I will resume daily practice."

"I wish you would," was the earnest reply. "It has really grieved me to see such musical talent and culture as yours being wasted."

Even in that opening prelude the skillful fingers regained some of the cunning and force, and when at last Nellie said she was tired, both were amazed to find two hours had flown by.

A few games of backgammon, a song or two, and it was time to retire.

Instead of a lonely, hurried breakfast the next morning, George found Nellie in a neat morning dress, presiding over the table, as in the days when house-keeping had the charm of novelty.

Three weeks passed away, and then Kate came to spend an evening with her brother, accompanied by the pretty widow, Mrs. Gordon.

Nellie had scarcely admitted to herself why she chose her softest and prettiest muslin for that evening's wear, why she was so very careful in the arrangement of the Pompadour roll her husband declared so becoming to her lace; why she selected her prettiest set of jewelry, and crisp new ribbons for hair and necktie.

But George, as his visitors entered the room, could not refrain from the comparison between Nellie and Retta, and a throb of exultation at the thought that he had chosen well.

Pique, or a more ignorant impulse, prompted the dashing widow to exert all her fascinations.

She played brilliantly; she sang well; she chatted with wit and vivacity; but Nellie met her bravely on her own ground and conquered her.

Her musical attainments far surpassed the widow's showy, superficial playing, and her voice was full of depth and feeling.

Not once did she waver.

Her husband's heart was the stake for which she played, and though she knew it had never strayed far from its lawful allegiance, she wanted it firmly fixed upon herself.

The evening was nearly over, when Kate said:

"You have quite deserted us, George. It is three weeks since you have spent an evening at our house."

"Impossible! It can not be so long."

Nellie turned her head away to hide her glad smile of triumph.

"But it is," Kate persisted; "we were counting the days this morning."

"I will come with Nellie some evening next week. Where has the time flown, Nellie?"

"There were two evenings at the theater," Nellie said, demurely.

"Yes, and we have been learning some new duets. And I am reading Owen Meredith's poetry aloud to Nellie, and we are contriving some additions for the conservatory, that takes time to calculate and plan. Then Nellie is helping me about some papers that I want to get in order, and—"

"Stop; stop. You are pardoned," Kate cried, laughing at her brother's earnest face. "Only, when these pursuits will allow you to spare one evening, pray remember that you have a sister."

"Nell, Walter was saying last week that he wanted to hear you sing that Brindisi he used to admire so much. I am so glad that you have taken up your music again. We were all so proud of it."

"I mean to keep my practice up now," Nellie said. "George is getting so big that mamma can not make him an excuse for laziness any longer."

So, with promises of an evening at Kate's soon, the party separated, George escorting the ladies home.

Nellie sat thoughtfully in the deserted parlor, wondering if her husband would soon return, or be detained by Mrs. Gordon's charms till a still later hour.

The full time to be allowed for the walk had passed, and a doubt was creeping

into the wife's heart, when a ringing step upon the pavement, light, bounding feet upon the step, and the rattling of the latch key in the lock announced her husband's return.

"Waiting for me dear?" he said.

"You have come home quickly," she answered.

For answer he took her in his arms, and while he looked longingly into her eyes, he sang in a low, sweet voice:

"There's no place like home."

So Nellie won her victory, and she kept the advantage gained.

FIGHTING A BIG BEAR.

A Young Irish Baron's Sharp Encounter with a Monstrous Grizzly.

[Helena (Mont.) Herald.]

Mr. Jameson, the young Irish baron, who, for the past several years, has journeyed from the green sod to engage in hunting and fishing sports in Montana, was unusually successful this season, his wagon returning loaded with the antlers of elk, moose, deer, mountain sheep and antelope, and the pelts of grizzly and black bear, mountain lion, lynx, wild cat and other splendid trophies of the chase.

These valuable possessions, carefully preserved and packed have gone forward to the old country, while Mr. Jameson, disbanding his party of four, and accompanied by his body servant, starts soon on a journey around the world, sailing from San Francisco to China early in September.

In this connection an adventure, in which Mr. Jameson and a bear were the sole participants, is worth relating. One night last month, while bivouacked on Cascade Creek, east of the Musselshell, well-defined tracks were left about the camp, indicating that while the party peacefully slept the premises had been invaded by a huge grizzly. The following morning, while breakfast was preparing, the young Irishman, armed with his trusty rifle, started down the creek, trailing the bear a half mile to a point leading into a thicket of underbrush skirting to a considerable width the stream on both sides.

Making a slight detour, Jameson pushed his way cautiously into the thicket, the slight noise of his carefully picked footsteps being muffled by the rolling waters leaping and tumbling over successive falls. Halting suddenly and parting the bushes, the intrepid hunter espied his game, leisurely at rest, scarcely thirty yards away. He concluded the bear was his, and with steady aim at vital parts, sent two bullets in rapid succession into the broadly presented side of the beast. There was a fierce growl, and the wounded animal, parting the brush and saplings like grain stalks, pushed vigorously toward his assailant.

Unable to get another unobstructed shot, and understanding his peril, Jameson, with great presence of mind, quickly retreated towards the creek, the bear pursuing and close at his heels. There was no time to halt or turn aside, and reaching the bank the hustled sportsman, holding aloft his rifle, leaped for the water, landing in a pool to the depth of his armpits. A moment later and the enraged brute, bursting through the willows and saplings, confronted him on the margin of the brook. Jameson, prepared for his enemy, with promptness and precision sent two more shots into the great beast, who, in the very act of taking to the ground, dead. Jameson, scrambling out of his unpremeditated bath, returned to camp, intercepting on the way two of his comrades, summoned by the report of his rifle, and hastening to his aid. After breakfast a team was hitched up, and strapped to poles, the huge carcass of bruin was hauled up to the camp and skinned. The hide of this monster was placed at 1,000 pounds, and the pelt, exhibited to a number of men esteemed to be good judges in such matters, more than sustained the estimated weight of the beast.

A Six-Million Dollar Suit.

[Baltimore American.]

It is intimated on good authority that suit will soon be entered for about \$6,000,000 worth of property situated on Fell's Point. From what can be learned the property in question was "squatted" upon by Edward, the husband of Ann Fell, and from her passed through various hands until the present time. It is said that Judge Morris, in a recent case in the Court of Appeals, decided that Fell never had a clear title to the property, (about 600 acres) and that the father and grandfather of the present Judge had also given the same opinions. It also appears that Lady Lucine Germon, the grandmother of Mrs. Jane Germon, of this city (the actress), who was a refugee from San Domingo, held the property as a grant from the British Government. This lady's will, said to be the sixth filed in Baltimore, is now in the hands of a prominent member of the Bar, in this city, and will, no doubt, have an important bearing in the suit. According to the best information at hand, the family of Germon, which includes Mrs. Germon's family, Mr. Vincent Germon, of Washington, a Col. Germon, of the English Army, and others, together with the family of Colters, of which Mr. Frank G. Colter, of Philadelphia, is the head, and who is also an actor, are the direct heirs to the property, numbering in all about sixteen persons. Communication has been opened with Mr. Colter by Dr. Germon, Mrs. Germon's son, in relation to this new feature in the case, as it appears that the Germon family never knew until yesterday that the Lady Lucine Germon was ever possessed of the property in question. The case as it now stands appears to be a most important one.

North Carolina Yellow Leaf.

[Baltimore (N. C.) Weekly.]

The great things the cultivation of the "yellow leaf" is doing for this section of the country is shown by the rapid advance of the market value of that class of lands especially adapted to its cultivation. The Cobb tract of land, on Nubbin Ridge, was bought, by Col. Maloy, of this county, a short time ago, at \$25 per acre cash. Ten years ago it would not have brought \$1 per acre.

THE SON OF THE KING OF BURGUNDY.

He and His Mother Puzzle a Police Justice With Their Stories About Each Other.

[New York World.]

A middle-aged woman in brown silk came into the Essex Market Police Court yesterday, leading a very ragged urchin of fourteen. "This is my son George," she said to Justice Murray, "and I want him committed to some institution. He is disobedient. He does not go to school; he stays out late nights, and he keeps bad company."

The boy stepped in front of his mother and looking her in the face exclaimed defiantly: "You're a thief and you know it, and you're living with two husbands now. You know you've been stealing all over the country, and I've seen you steal in Montreal myself. You sent me to the island once to get rid of me."

She struck him in the face at that and Justice Murray interfered and took both of them into his private room.

There the woman said again that she was Mrs. Sophie Lyons, that her husband was "Red Lyons," otherwise known as the "King of Burgundy."

Her mother kept a disorderly house, and when she was three years old she was put upon the streets to steal. She was arrested and sent to an institution. She had endeavored to conceal from her son her and his father's story. He was exceedingly intelligent, and to make sure of his being kept in ignorance of the truth she had him sent to Montreal, where he had studied in three colleges. He got into trouble and ran away and came to this city, where he had since been earning his living by singing in concert-saloons.

Justice Murray committed the boy to the Essex Market Prison and told the woman that he would decide in the morning what to do with him. When the boy was put in a cell he cried and screamed and pleaded to be let go. Then he became quiet, and when one of the keepers happened to visit him a few minutes later, he found that the boy had tied his handkerchief around his throat and to one of the bars of his cell door, and had tried to strangle himself. Justice Murray was told of his condition and ordered him brought into court again.

The boy said he could only remember distinctly as far back as eight years ago. He was then living with his parents in One Hundred and Tenth street. For some reason unknown to him he was sent to Blackwell's Island. Next his parents sent him to Canada. When he had been three years in Canada his mother sent for him to come to Detroit, and dispatched him to New York. He got employment here in a second-hand furniture store on Ninth avenue. He showed a recommendation which he said a woman who had employed him had given him.

"Didn't you draw a carrying-knife on this woman to get this recommendation?" Justice Murray, whom the mother had informed on this point, asked of the boy.

"Yes, I did," he answered. "But it was not to get the recommendation. She had my watch and refused to give it to me."

Justice Murray recommended the boy until this morning. "I know she has left the city, and that I will be 'put away,'" he sobbed.

Mrs. Lyons gave her address as No. 25 Montgomery street, where she does not live.

Treasure Trove in Dublin.

[Dublin Special (January 19th) to London Times.]

A singular case of treasure trove was brought under the notice of Master of the Rolls to-day. Counsel applied for an order to try the right to a sum of money discovered on the 19th of November on the premises, 10 Rutland Square, by a workman employed by Messrs. Maguire & Son. The house had been on the 7th or 8th of November assigned by Miss Cookson to Colonel Palliser.

The workman while examining the locks of a strong room at the rear of the house on the ground floor came upon a cash box of antique structure concealed beneath a step leading into the room. The cash-box was removed to the premises of Messrs. Maguire, who wrote to Colonel Palliser, informing him of the discovery, and seeking instructions. Col. Palliser replied, requesting the retention of the box until his arrival in Dublin. Mr. Maguire placed in it the Royal Bank for safe custody, pending the arrival of Col. Palliser.

The particulars of the discovery were published, and several parties, including the Earl of Longford, put in claims to the treasure. Counsel for the Earl of Longford opened an affidavit to the effect that the late Earl of Longford and his son occupied the house from the year 1817 to the year 1848, when it was sold; that the late Earl told his wife previous to his death that he had in the house a large sum in gold in case of need. At the death the Countess of Longford instructed the executors to search for the money, and a careful but fruitless examination was made in the year 1848. In the latter year the house was let to Mr. George Wilmshurst Hemans, son of Mr. Hemans, the poetess, from whom it was subsequently conveyed to Miss Cookson. When the box was opened it was found to contain an envelope addressed "Earl of Rutland," the remainder being torn away; a letter beginning "My dear Lord Longford," some Parliamentary papers of the houses of Lords and Commons, and a plan of the upper story of the house, showing certain partitions which had been put up by Thomas, Earl of Longford, and having some writing upon it sworn to be that of his lordship. The counsel for Colonel Palliser desired to have an opportunity of seeing Lord Longford's affidavit. The counsel for Miss Cookson argued that her assignment of the premises to Colonel Palliser was only of the estate and interest, whereas the assignment to herself from Mr. Hemans included the furniture, chattels and everything therein contained. He had no objection to an issue being directed. The counsel for the Attorney General sought an adjournment to enable him to consider the affidavit of the Earl of Longford. The Master of the Rolls adjourned the further hearing for a fortnight.

Sitting On a Gentleman's Knee.

In the "etiquette department" of the Montreal Herald appears the following:

"M. F. wishes to know if it is polite or even proper, for a young lady to sit on a gentleman's knee at an evening party."

Answer: Your question at first seemed to us utterly absurd, and we thought it impossible that such a thing should ever occur among respectable people; but a lady informs us that she has been at country parties where the custom was quite common, and not considered at all improper. However, we must assure you it is neither lady-like or proper, and however sanctioned by custom or people who are otherwise respectable, no young lady who has any respect for herself will ever allow the example of others to lead her into such conduct. We feel assured that our correspondent, M. F., deprecates the practice and wishes it to be discontinued among her friends, and we trust she will be successful.

NEWSPAPER.

THE SUN FOR 1880.

THE SUN will deal with the events of the year 1880 in its own fashion, now pretty well understood by everybody. From January 1 to December 31 it will be conducted as a newspaper, written in the English language, and printed for the people.

As a newspaper, THE SUN believes in getting all the news of the world promptly, and presenting it in the most intelligible shape—the shape that will enable its readers to keep well abreast of the age with the least unproductive expenditure of time. The greatest interest to the readers is that THE SUN is the law controlling its daily make-up. It now has a circulation very much larger than that of any other American newspaper, and enjoys an income which it at all times prepared to spend liberally for the benefit of its readers. People of all conditions of life and all ways of thinking buy and read THE SUN; and they all derive satisfaction of some sort from its columns, for they keep on buying and reading it.

In its contents on men and affairs, THE SUN believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honest purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization, or interest. It is for all, but none. It will continue to give its full and unbiassed support to what is right, and to reprobate what is evil, taking care that its language is to the point and plain, beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is uninfluenced by motives, and does not accept of the rule that it has no opinions to sell, save those which may be had by any purchaser with two cents. It hates intemperance and race-hatred even more than it hates unnecessary wars. It abhors frauds, plagues and deplores one innumerable every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to chase the first class, instruct the second, and discountenance the third. At heart, honest, with a keen conscience, whether sound or false, it is its friends. And THE SUN makes no bones of telling the truth to its friends and about its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.

THE SUN will be one in which no patriotic American affords to close his eyes to public affairs. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contents of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the helm of the ship. The will of 1876 is repeated in 1880. The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, dishonest and ineffectual administration, entrenched at Washington. THE SUN did something toward dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leaders and themselves to places of power, which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these momentous questions. THE SUN will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

Thus, with a habit of philosophical good humor in looking at the minor evils of life, and in great things a steadfast purpose to maintain the rights of the people and the principles of the Constitution against all aggressors, THE SUN is prepared to write a truthful, instructive, and, at the same time, entertaining history of 1880.

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